

# WAR'S BURDEN HEAVY ON THE GIRL RULER OF LUXEMBURG

**Lovely Young Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, Who Finds Herself Practically the Kaiser's Vassal**

PARIS, April 17. WHEN the German army entered Luxembourg, on August 2, a lovely young girl went out to meet them and barred the way with her automobile. She was the ruler of the land.

"Your Grand Ducal Highness had best go home and play the piano," said Gen. von Buelow.

Tears stood in her eyes as she went.

Thus Marie Adelaide was on her dignity when, three weeks later, the Kaiser transported his headquarters from Mayence to her little capital and stayed a month. He put up at the German Legation, with his generals, courtiers and cooks. Machine guns stood on the roof and the streets around were barred. From his window he had a sweet view of hills, valleys and the little river Alzette, and he would sit long and gaze. It is not difficult to reconstruct the conversation that may have taken place between him and the Grand Duchess.

"What are those ruins I see from my window?" he probably asked the Grand Duchess on his formal call.

"Sire," she replied, "they are the remains of a fortress constructed by Vauban for the French King Louis XIV."

Conversation languished.

"And the old walls beyond the windmill?"

"Sire, they were of a chateau built by the Marquis de Crequy after he had dictated peace to the Elector of Brandenburg."

Conversation languished more.

Again the polite Kaiser ventured:

"And the charming road up to them. Has it any history?"

"Sire, but little," replied Marie Adelaide, "except that in 1793 along it

rive from Luxembourg. I saw the Kaiser this morning with my own eyes."

"It proves nothing," said the commissary.

"It does."

"There are three Kaisers in Luxembourg. How do you know which one you saw?"

And it was true.

"One real Kaiser and two imitations," said the Minister of State to Marie Adelaide. "Two officers having the build and look of the Kaiser have received the order to 'make up' as his doubles. They wear the great blue cloak, falling low over the boots, the cap with garnet band; they wax their mustaches and black their brows to meet over the nose. They even reproduce his voice. Capt. Weiss actually harangued the troops yesterday. And they circulate in great gray automobiles with the garnet stripe and black imperial eagle, constantly outwitting the curious. No spy or assassin can keep up with the Kaiser. He is simultaneously in the faubourgs, on the road to Treves and at the Flower Market. In reality, he is working at the legation."

How shall a romantic girl resist such doings? Few women resist the personality of the Kaiser. Her subjects have criticised the Grand Duchess for inviting him to a second dinner after the state affair. But, remember, all her ladies of honor are Germans, and all her officers of the palace, except one, who is grand ducal. It is hard to stand against such influences.

Slender girl among great and terrible things!

The worst is that she is only 21, beautiful, unmarried and has five younger sisters to look after, each prettier than the other. Charlotte is aged 19, Hilda 18, Antoinette 16, Elizabeth 14 and Sophie 13.

"I shall not marry," says the Grand Duchess.

"We shall not marry," repeat Charlotte, Hilda, Antoinette, Elizabeth and Sophie.

Yes, but young things must marry. It is their nature. And whom shall they marry? It is very complicated. The Luxemburgers want their say

**Has Five Younger Sisters "Each Prettier Than the Other"—Mystery of the Emperor's Ubiquity Solved**

"It is called 'Champs Elysees,'" she answered, handing him the bottle with the name on—latest triumph of the Guerlain house of Paris. The Kaiser had no right to see an impertinence. Yet at that moment, all Luxembourg was joking about "the landau of the Champs Elysees."

It was a magnificent open landau, which came to the little city empty. German soldiers escorting it said with awe: "It is the carriage in which our Kaiser will enter Paris—down the Champs Elysees in triumph!" And they put it in the best garage.

Daily thereafter the bourgeois of Luxembourg made their afternoon walks past the garage. They wanted to see the landau of the Champs Elysees. But it remained in its shelter. So, thereafter, each time that there was a rumor of Paris being taken, the Luxemburgers said: "Nenni, the landau is still there!"

Except for their rich mines they are a peasant democracy. You can scarcely distinguish between classes. Grand old names are borne by poor people. "A Luxemburger is always active," runs the proverb. The same man may be a wine grower, tanner, miller and storekeeper. They are very honest, "real" they call it. Every family has its house and garden. The roof is tight, walls white, garden cultivated and flowers in the windows. Like the Swiss, they "receive" much among themselves. Their "greichen" wine from the Luxembourg Moselle, harsh, thin and sweetish, "makes you shut one eye and can't open the other." It costs 8 cents the litre, and the Germans buy it to make champagne.

Such a people might seem tempted to make a good thing where Belgium made ruin. The comparison strikes any one. And the Grand Duchess, with her army of 400 men could only protest.

"The occupation of Luxembourg is contrary to the law of nations, and the protestation of the grand ducal Government is justified," said Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in the Reichstag on August 4. "We shall repair the harm we cause, as soon as our military end is attained."

station! Sire, this smells annexation!"

The Kaiser scratched his nose (they say).

"And our mines and factories? You put out their proprietors and run them for yourselves. Will you reimburse? Will you pay damages? Do you keep account? When proprietors complain too much you arrest them. You have requisitioned all our food reserve, paying in paper money at your own estimate. We have no horses left to till the ground or wheat to last till harvest. We shall come to bread tickets yet!"

The girl ruler's prediction has come true.

Luxemburg is on bread tickets. But greater cares assail the people, and the Kaiser is no longer there for Marie Adelaide to doze pick.

Luxemburgers worry for their independence.

Germany has seized their local administrations. Mayors and town councils have no authority. Newspapers are suspended or simply shut up. Proprietors, printers and editors go to Ehrenbreitstein fortress at Coblenz.

When the imprisoning habit grew Marie Adelaide wrote the Kaiser.

"More than 100 Luxemburg lawyers, professors, land owners and proprietors have been sent to Prussian prisons," was the complaint. "Your Majesty can imagine the feelings of my people when they see honored citizens led to the railroad station by a squad of Prussian soldiers. By international law no country gives up its own citizens, even criminals, to be judged in a foreign land."

Is Marie Adelaide sincere?

Her subjects have criticised her for accepting what they call the Iron Cross from the hands of William II. It is next to nothing. What she accepted was a kind of medal reserved to the high dames of the Germanic Red Cross, a little jewel, not beautiful, of no importance.

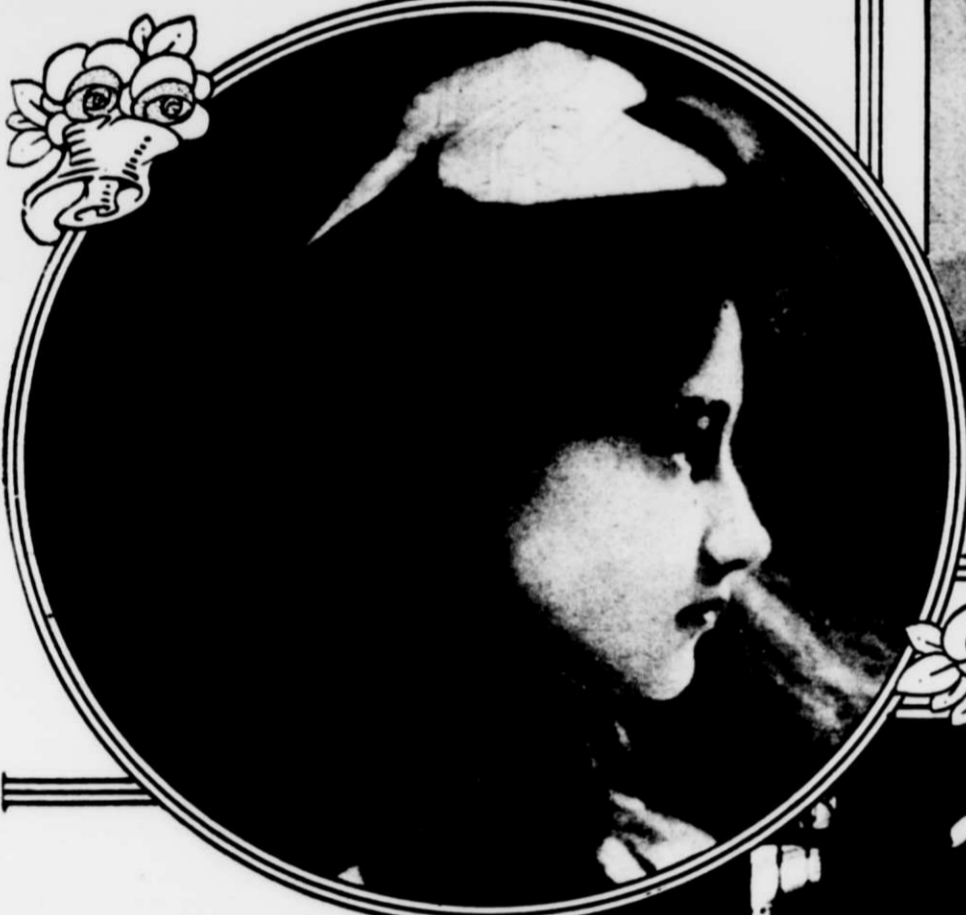
As much say she is a woman.

And there is the marriage problem. "I shall never marry," she says.

"We shall never marry," repeat



Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide.



Princess Antoinette.

Gen. Ambert forced the Imperialists to capitulate.

Then she doubtless mentioned her automobile permit. When the Germans entered they promised to respect all constitutional rights. Yet Luxemburgers may not automobile over their own roads without permission.

"Even I carry a permit," she said. "And my Cabinet Ministers must have a pass, signed and dated by a Prussian Major."

"It is for your own protection," said the Kaiser.

Marie Adelaide could not see it and resolved to be very stiff whenever she should meet the Kaiser in his big gray car striped with garnet. "There he comes!" exclaimed her thirteen-year-old sister Sophie as they rolled beside the Alzette. "Chauffeur, to the right!" began the wounded beauty. But it was the Kaiser who did the snubbing, so the report goes, because his auto swerved into the highway ahead and went scorching toward Treves. To their great surprise ten minutes later they beheld the Kaiser coming out of the legation. "Quick, the pastry cook!" said Marie Adelaide. It only took five minutes, and yet—"There's the Kaiser, in front, eating plum tart!" whispered Sophie, staring at the well-known figure in the gray car. "What activity!"

"It's not possible!" said the Grand Duchess. And she told her Minister of State that evening. "He cannot be everywhere!"

"Will your Highness have the explanation?" asked the genial Eyschen. "His Imperial and Royal Highness is at the front!"

"A humble citizen of Sirek, across the border, had a similar dilemma when he came upon a business trip to Luxembourg. Returning to Sirek he asserted in the cafes that the Kaiser was not at the front, because he was here. They took him to the police."

"You are accused of spreading false news," said the commissary. "The Kaiser is auf dem front. The proof is that the papers say so."

"But!" insisted the Sireker, "I ar-



Princess Hilda.

Charlotte, Hilda, Antoinette, Elizabeth and Sophie.

And who is there to marry but a German princeling? So some say: "Our Grand Duchess is a heroine."

And others: "Our Grand Duchess is a grand duchess. The big and little highnesses have made it up together."

## Flechtes in Peace Time

"A man came into my place the other day," said a Broad street financier, "to talk to me about buying horses for the war zone and incidentally he showed me one of those small steel arrows—flechettes, the French call them—which they snowed down from their aeroplanes on the enemy."

"Did you ever see one?" No? Well, they are of polished steel, about five inches long, the size of a lead pencil, sharpened like a pencil at one end, but sharp as a needle, and two-thirds of the other end is angled out on four sides to form what corresponds to the feather in an arrow. This arrow stems them straight down.

"One will weigh about two ounces. Dropped from half a mile or so up in the air they will go through a man like a needle through a lace handkerchief."

"The man had received the flechette from the other side and a New Jersey manufacturer had declined to produce it for shipment abroad, but not because of moral scruples. Not at all; he was afraid shipments would be held up as contraband. He asked me what I thought of it, and I studied it a minute and told him I thought it would make a rattling good advertising novelty for a life insurance company."

"I showed him how the company's advertisement could be stamped upon the leather part and told him how everybody would grab for one and show it around to everybody else who hadn't one, and the insurance people would get the advertising of their lives. Well, the man caught on to the idea so enthusiastically that he forgot all about the horses for war and went out in a hurry to start the flechettes in the cause of peace."

"He hasn't had time yet to work his scheme, but I'm expecting any day to get a bunch, duly stamped, as he promised to hand some over to me as a token of his appreciation!"



The royal family of Luxembourg. Above, left to right—Princess Antoinette, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Hilda. Below—Princess Sophie, Princess Charlotte, Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide.

about it. They dread the fate of their cousin, Queen Wilhelmina, for them.

They have no brothers. Their father is dead. And the law of 1907 rules the eventual succession of the female line in these six girls.

Along with Wilhelmina they are the last of the grand old line of Hammarstein (the branch of Oscar in the United States, being implicitly excluded). These Zutphen-Hammarsteins went high. They were princes of the Holy Empire, Roman King (temporarily), princely counts and reigning dukes of Nassau and Luxem-

burg—until Prussia annexed Nassau in 1866. Their deep root is in Ermen-trude of Hammarstein, who in 1039 brought them their territories on the Lahn and the Sieg, the countships of Idstein and Wiesbaden and other possessions. All are gone but the dove cote of Luxembourg and the peasant democracy which is so proud of them.

They are white doves among eagles. Marie Adelaide defends her people with bill picks.

"You have stopped our telegraph and telephone service," she said to the Kaiser. "My merchants are losing

money. You have taken over our mail service. German soldiers replace my postmen."

The Kaiser said he would see to it. A month later telephone subscribers were allowed to send local messages.

"You have seized our railroads," she continued. "My people may not ride without a dated permit, and 800,000 German soldiers have ridden free. The rolling stock is ruined. Yet you signed us a treaty never to use our railroads for military purposes."

The Kaiser coughed.

"You have changed all the pretty

names of our towns and villages. You have turned Lincies into Jung-linster and Merise into Mersch. Mersch! La Rochette has become Fels. Rosiere is Roser and sweet Adelhemme is Hober! Is it a military necessity? Do you seek only 'right of passage' as you promised? It has the odor of annexation. My people are worried."

The Kaiser sniffed the air.

"What is that delicious perfume?" he inquired, to change the subject.

Marie Adelaide gave him a harder bill pick.

When Germany paid an account of \$100,000 for damages to houses destroyed, farms sacked, fields trenched and cemented, vehicles and stock requisitioned, &c., German papers represented the "good affair" which Luxembourg had made.

"Good affair!" repeated the Grand Duchess. "We have spent \$200,000 in hospitals and Red Cross caring for wounded Germans. Yet French wounded and prisoners, who ought to be interned the moment they touch our neutral soil, may not receive a cup of coffee from us at the railroad